Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

THE PACIFIC

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BENEDICITE.

The waves in prostrate worship lie, and cease
To count the pebbles on their rosary;
Over the scourged rocks a smile of peace
Deepens the hushed expectancy.
Each small lost flower lifts her fragrant brow,
Forgotten flocks turn toward the rosy West;
Day drops her anchor off the world—and now
Awaits her shriving—all her ways confessed.
The patriarchal mountains stand apart,
Far hills are kneeling; birds arrest their flight—
Then the real Presence crowds all Nature's heart
And benediction falls with night.

—Martha Gilbert Dickinson.

PACIFIC

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W. W. FERRIER.....Editor
2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

A doctor who is a vegetarian, claims that there would be no "red light district" if meat eating were eliminated.

The postal savings banks about to be established by the government will not pay a high interest on deposits, but they will afford absolute security.

It is claimed now by some competent authorities that pellagra is not caused by the eating of corn but by a biting gnat.

The reports of the great Missionary Conference at Edinburgh will fill nine volumes of three or four hundred pages each, and will be sold for four dollars.

Caffein is the harmful ingredient in coffee, and the Germans who have discovered a means for extracting that from the bean are likely to profit greatly if they can continue to keep it a trade secret.

It is to be hoped that the next legislature to meet in Nevada will so amend the laws of that state that prize-fights will be no longer possible there. Such brutal contests should have no place in the United States.

Professor McFadyen of Toronto, Canada, who goes to Scotland as the successor of Dr. George Adam Smith in the chair of Hebrew in Glasgow college, was one of the lecturers in one of the Summer Schools of Theology held in Berkeley in recent years. His devotional writings have wide popularity.

The Missionary Intelligence, the organ of the missionary societies of the Disciples of Christ, in a brief article on the work of the American Board says: "All the other societies in America have profited by what the American Board has done, and their heartiest congratulations will be given at the time of its one hundredth anniversary."

An aged minister by the name of Fry has built with his own hands a unique church edifice at Colville, Washington, which has a seating capacity of 300. It is said that every piece of wood in the building was shaped and put into place by him without any assistance. It does not seem possible; but so run the newspaper reports.

A Harvard senior, who is a star student and a 'varsity foot-ball player has shown that one can go through Harvard on a dollar a week. At Randall hall he got all the bread and cereal he needed for breakfast for three cents. For lunch he had cream toast and vegetables for a trifle more. What he called a good meal at night cost him about ten cents.

In recognition of the fact that not more than one per-cent of the children who attend the public schools in our cities complete a high school course, the Chicago schools are to be made more practical. Beginning in September, a special two years' course will be offered. In this course there will be such studies as stenography, typewriting, carpentry, pattern making, industriol drawing, machine shop work and the household arts.

The stock of the Christian Publishing Company of St. Louis was purchased recently by a member of that church and donated to the denomination. The sum of $130,000 was paid for it. The publishing company had a net profit of $18,000 for the year of 1909. This is the company that assumed a few weeks ago the publication of The Pacific Christian, the representative of the "Christian" churches of the Pacific Coast.

More than thirty thousand homestead filings have been made in Montana during the last twenty months. Nearly five million acres of land, most of which will be cultivated by the dry-farming process, have been homesteaded, and at leost 90,000 added to the population of the state. It is estimated that there are twenty million acres in Montana available for dry farming and an area of about six million acres which can be irrigated. The great bulk of vacant land now is dry-farming land.

Americans are wont to think that their country leads the world in most respects. But the statistics show that Germany is the greatest potato producing country in the world. That country produced forty-five million tons last year; the United States only eleven million tons. In the production of beet sugar Germany also leads all other nations. Last year her product was 1,945,000 tons. In the United States the total was 380,000. We were surprised to see recently the statement that there are more cattle in Europe than in the United States. The European supply being 127,500,000; that of this country, 95,100,000.

A writer in a recent number of the Good Housekeeping Magazine says that in general, women are not good mathmaticians and that this is recognized and taken advantage of by the grocer. In that connection it is said, "A San Francisco grocer confessed to me that in adding up a list of figures for his customers he invariably and with malice aforethought raised the total five cents above the actual amount. And about one woman in ten, if as many, discovers the error," he said. "I have paid my rent out of these easy nickels for five years." We wish we knew the name of the grocer, we would enjoy giving him a free advertisement—not to help his business, but for the good of his patrons.

A three million dollar cathedral is being built by the Roman Catholics in St Paul which, when completed, will be the most magnificent on the continent, unless perchance it be that of S.t John the Divine, which the Episcopalians are building in New York. The St. Paul cathed-

ral will seat 3,400 persons and will be constructed out of Minnesota white granite. Four years have been spent in the building of the foundations which is said to be of such strength and durability as to last ten thousand years. Only a little more than one half of the three million dollars required for the cathedral has been subscribed, but it is one of the most cherished plans of Archbishop Ireland to have a great temple of worship there in St. Paul, and there is no doubt that the money for it will be on hand as needed.

THE CONSTITUTION AND GOVERNMENT OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA

By Professor Granville F. Foster.

The Commonwealth of Australia is in fact a new nation, established only a few years ago, somewhat on the model of the Dominion of Canada, but differing from it mainly in the greater amount of local power reserved to the states. In Canada there is a tendency towards centralization as in France, while at the same time this central power is kept the creature of the people by the device of "Responsible Government," but in Australia the tendency is towards as full states-rights as is compatible with a union, strong, vigorous and assertive; hence it would be natural to suppose that a constitution of such a nation would have in it elements of that of the United States, and such is the fact; but there are besides other elements, some drawn from the government of England, some from the government of Switzerland, and some from theoretical reasonings that make the document under which the six united States of Australia are governed as one people a considerably different one from that under which the States of the American Union are unitedly governed, and what these differences are will, after some preliminary remarks, be given.

Some terms are first necessary to be defined. Australia, geographically considered, is now regarded as a continent and not an island. Australia politically considered is not coterminous with the continent, but includes besides the five large states of the mainland, the State of Tasmania, including the whole island of that name formerly known as Van Diemen's Land; while Australia is a term applied to all the British possessions in the Western Pacific, even including New Zealand, and Polynesia is a term applied to all the numerous groups of islands sown like seed over the whole of the Southern Pacific.

Australia as a commonwealth extends from the 10th to the 45th degree of South Latitude and from the 113th to the 154th degree of East Longitude—that is to say, it lies almost at the antipodes of the people of California, which fact gives it day while we have night and gives it winter while we have summer. Moreover its sky is entirely different from ours, for in the Southern heavens we cannot see the constellations that greet our eyes, but other and strange ones

Instead of Ursa Mapor, Orion, Perseus, and a host of others, we see the Southern Cross, Eridanus, Centaurus, and many more, though far less numerous, and with the exception of the few, less brilliant than those of the Northern Hemisphere, and in place of the glorious Milky Way there glow the Magellianic Clouds, or the Milky Way of Magellan.

The beautiful Southern Cross, which stands guard over one of what some astronomers call the "Coal Sacks" of space, the deep, dark and unfathomable spaces without a star to relieve the illimitable depth, shining forth in its several stars of various colors, looking as though placed in the sky as a reminder of our Redemer's earthly suffering, is referred to for the first time in literature by Dante Alighieri as follows:

> "To the right hand I turned, and fixed in mind
> On the other pole attentive, where I saw
> Four stars ne'er seen before save by the ken
> Of our first parents. Heaven of their rays
> Seemed joyous. Oh thou, Northern Site! bereft
> Indeed, and widowed, since of these deprived."
> —Il Purgatorio—Lines 22-27.
> Written in 13th Century.

It is said that often times a visitor to the Southern Hemisphere, becoming homesick, will unconsciously look upwards for the familiar and friendly faces of the well-known Northern constellations, only to realize again and again that the very heavens demonstrate to him that he is in a land far indeed from home.

The area of the mainland of Australia is 2,948,366 square miles; of Tasmania, 26,215; in all, 2,974,581 square miles. In its great length from West to East it is 2,400 miles, and in its greatest breath, from North to South. 1,700 miles.

The Commonwealth is divided into six States: New South Wales, with an area of over 300,000 square miles and a population of upwards of one and one-half millions, its capital being Sydney, with a population approaching 600,000; Victoria, something less than 90,000 square miles, a population of nearly one and three-tenths millions, its capital, Melbourne, having only a few thousands less in number of inhabitants than Sydney; Queensland, nearly 700,000 square miles, a population of 550,000, its capital. Brisbane; population, 140000; South Australia, 900,000 square miles, a population only a little less than 400,000; its capital, Adelaide; population, 180,000; West Australia, 975,000 square miles; population, 270,000; capitad, Perth; population, 50,000; Tasmania, the smallest, 35,000 square miles; population, 190,000; capital, Hobart Town; population, 40,000. The total population of the whole Commonwealth does not yet quite reach five millions.

The physical features of Australia are peculiar. As large as it is, there is but one river system of any size or value within its borders, namely, the Murray, with its large tributary, the Darling.

It is about 3,282 miles in length, if the source of the Darling is considered, rises in the Australian Alps, runs in most of its course on the boundary between New South Wales and Victoria, and empties into an arm of the sea, known as Lake Alexandria. It is navigable 2,345 miles at high stages of water and about half of this number at a low stage.

There are no permanent lakes of any great size—what are so-called are depressions of mud and salt, or arms of the sea. The coast line, in proportion to the area of the continent, is very small, only one mile to 330 square miles of area. All the mountains are near the sea. The interior is a great plain, once called a desert, like the region of the United States in which Utah, Nevada and portions of

States East and North of these are situated, now no longer esteemed as such.

The annual rainfall in Sydney is fifty inches, but in the interior of New South Wales the annual fall is only nine inches, and in some portions of the interior it is not four inches, and sometimes no rain falls for two or three years, but fortunately from the fringe of mountains much water has sunk deeply below the surface and is reached by artesian borings. A water-bearing stratum underlies nearly the whole of the slope, which falls from the inland side of the mountains to the great central depression. It is believed to be inexhaustible. This source has not, so far, been utilized to any great extent, hence the seaward side of the mountains is a veritable garden of the Lord, while the interior is a weary land almost without the shadow of a rock.

Australia everywhere has a warm climate. Melbourne in South Latitude, the same that San Francisco is in North Latitude, has a mean annual temperature of 58 degrees Fahrenheit, a summer temperature averaging 73 degrees, a winter temperature averaging 55 degrees, which latter is the mean annual temperature of San Francisco. Hence the metropolis of Southern Australia is warmer than that of California by several degrees.

There is very little difference between summer and winter—in fact less difference than anywhere else in equal latitude in the Southern Hemisphere or in the Northern, except in a few places in California. The lowest temperature ever recorded was 27 degrees above zero, Fahrenheit, only five degrees below the freezing point, while only occasionarly in summer does the temperature arise above 90 degrees, and this is only when a hot wind loaded with dust blows for a few hours from the interior, a wind known as the "Brickfelder.'

At Sydney, 34 degrees South Latitude, the mean annual temperature is 63 degrees, about that of the Interior California from Chico to Fresno, but there is less difference between summer and winter at Sydney than in the interior of California. The interior of Australia has the climate of The Sahara, a temperature of 140 degrees in the shade not being uncommon. The northern coast has a tropical coast climate.

Australia is famous for its peculiar flora and fauna. Of its 10,000 species of plants, many are indigenous no where else on the globe. Of its animals, most are peculiar to the continent. The Marsupialia abounds, for there are 110 different species in Australia, and only one, the Opossum, found out of it. Many of the living animals of this continent resemble very closely extinct forms, found as fossil remains in the rocks of other continents, leading to the idea propounded by a few geologists that the cataclasms that destroyed animal forms in past ages on other continents did not reach this one. Many of the animals show an extraordinary disproportion of the hind limbs to the fore part of the body, like the kangaroo, the kangaroo rat, and a number of other animals. Several species of kangaroo rats and kangaroo mice, pouched like the opossum, live in the trees.

The most curious of all the curious animals of this far Southern continent is the Wombat, sometimes called the Ornithorrhyncus, or Platypus, that combines in itself some of the characteristics of the bird and of the mammalia, united with the distinctive features of the marsupials. More on this interesting subject cannot be said here and the reader is referred for further information to works on the Flora and Fauna of Australia, nor can this article deal with the early explorations of the Southern Seas, with the discovery of "New Holland," as the continent of Australia was first called, nor with the manner in which England became possessed of it and made of it first a penal colony; but the writer will proceed at once to describe the constitution and government of the new Commonwealth, giving something of its history and presenting its peculiarities.

Up to 1900, there were in Australia six provinces, often at cross purposes among themselves, ancd sometimes two contiguous colonies would become so embittered with each other over prohibitive tariffs or other questions that only the superior might ofthe British Empire prevented war. The tariff question between New South Wales and Victoria at one time became such a burning one that there was grave danger of the condition of war and rebellion, chronic among the States between Mexico and the Isthmus of Panama, repeating itself in Australia among a people homogenous, a people having the same origin, education, customs and manners. The state of affairs resulted in waste, in irritation, and threatened at one time foreign complications, and something had to be done, and that as soon as possible.

The logic of events was drifting the people to some sort of union, but there was much unwillingness here to listen to those who advocated a union immediately, and a strong union as the only way to avoid future quarrels of small independent states. It will be entirely impossible here to trace the long and very difficult work of ten years to consummate the great union, the effort to convince a set of States, all as jealous of their rights as were the thirteen colonies of America at the time of the Revolution, that union was the very best solution of all their differences. The difficulty, the reader will see, was greater here than in the case of the American colonies, for these were waging a war against a common foe, and hence some union, tacit or acknowledged, was an absolute necessity. In their case it was "join or die,' or it was "hang together or hang separately,' to use the expressive sayings of Franklin and other patriots of the time; but no common foe threatened Australia save, as many thought, the very union some were urging might be a foe to deprive them of rights which at first one of the provinces was bound it would never surrender, but at length, in 1899, the final consent of all was obtained, and on Jan. 1, 1900, the Commonwealth of Australia commenced.

The problem here as among the American colonies forming the United States was to create a Central Government, which should be independent and all powerful to carry out its law and edicts so long as it acted only within the authority delegated to it by the constitution, and then to fix the relations under the same document that must exist between the Central Government and the States which delegate certain rights and powers to it. At once there will arise in the reader's mind the question which agitated the United States for so many years—namely, that of "States' rights coupled with national authority." At present, in the American Union, there is a large and growing class of jurists and students of American history, who hold that

the thirteen original States at no time ever **delegated any** authority to the Central Government; that **before there were any States,** by tacit consent, a Central Authority assumed powers that were sovereign and that the Articles of Confederation, and later the constitution, were the creatures of this Central Authority; and hence it was this Central Authority which turned the colonies into States and reserved to itself certain powers and allowed certain others to be assumed by the States thus formed.

Whether this view is correct or whether the ratification of the constitution by the individual States invalidated this view and established the correctness of the opposite, the writer will leave the reader to decide, but there is no doubt about the matter in Australia. The constitution of the new Commonwealth is a document which sets forth the nature and extent of powers delegated to the Central Government by the States; and yet so accustomed were Australians, as also the English are, to parliaments, unconfined, unlimited by written constitutions, parliaments, which subject to dissolution, **could do anything,** that the people looked up with an astounding surprise when "The High Court,' like the Supreme Court of the United States, held that legislation to extend the advantages of a protective tariff to the workmen in a **protected industry** was beyond the powers of the Government of the Commonwealth.

Summed up in as brief a space as possible, these were the delegated powers to the nation: The exclusive right to collect duties of Customs and to give bounties; exclusive power over army and navy, over trade between colonies, over relations with England, or under a due refernce of England's supreme authority, relations with other countries.; the right to make laws for marriage and divorce, in which case the laws are national, but the nation failing to do so, the States may assume authority; the control over the postal, telegraphic and telephonic systems; the right to tax directly, but such tax must be universal; control of light-houses, buoys; control of banks and banking, of currency and coinage, of weights and measures; control of fisheries outside territorial limits; control of copyrights and patents; control of matters of naturalization. Mark some important features here.

Australia can lay an income tax, which is unconstitutional in the United States; Australia can make uniform laws for all the States on matters pertaining to marriage, which in the United States are left to the States. To the powers of the Cenral Government mentioned above there must be added that over inter-State railroads, over immigration, over aborigines The constitution permits any State or set of States, to delegate temporarily or permanently certain powers, not specifically delegated in the constitution, to be exercised alone by the Central Government over the State or States delegating, and, for the time delegated, such as power over forests, or over railroads running wholly within a State.

In Australia, the Parliament or Congress can make an ex post facto law, if it sees fit, a thing denied in the United States both to the national Congress and to the legislatures respectively of the States.

The Central Government is supposed to control immigration, but as it owns no land, as does the United States, it cannot attract settlers, as the latter can, with the promise of a gift to each immigrant of a definie number of acres, and, so far, the States have refused to co-operate with the national government in attracting as settlers people from abroad.

All industrial matters are left to the States, as also police powers, and all matters of eduction and every power not expressly delegated to the Commonwealth; the reverse of the Canadian idea, which is that Parliament can exercise without question any power not expressly delegated to the Provinces, as the divisions here are called; for in Australia it is a union of **Sovereign States** and in Canada it is a union of **provinces.**

The government in exercise is as follows: At the head is the Governor-General, appointed by the King of Great Britain. The English Government reserves only the right to annul within a year any act prejudicial to the larger interests of the Empire; otherwise Australia is independent and its King or President is the Governor General, whose power on the whole is greater than that of the Governor General of Canada.

Parliament or Congress, for both titles are applied to it, consists of two houses—the Senate and the House of Representatives.

The Senate consists of six Senators from each State, directly elected by the voters of each State, each Senator for six years, as in the United States. In Canada, the Senators are appointed for life and in the United States elected by State Legislatures, each Senator for a term of six years, so arranged, however, that one-third at least are renewed every two years. Australia has an excellent plan. The Senators of a State are elected by the people of the State. In all States but Queensland the majority of the whole electors of the State must determine the successful candidates. In Queensland there are three electoral districts, each electing two Senators. The qualifications for candidacy to the Senate are made very liberal, to give the people as much freedom of choice as possible. If the people want a senator of twenty-one they can elect such; if they want a poor man or a rich man they can have him, but not the beggar or the thief. The Senators here, more than in the United States represent the States and the people of a State are supposed to know what men will best represent their views and wishes. If a vacancy occurs in a senatorship, then the United States' plan, a little modified, is adopted—that is to say, the legislature of the State, in joint session, elects one to fill the vacancy, but if the legislature is not in session, the Governor of the State and his council appoint a man who holds his place till the meeting of the next legislature, with this proviso in every case: whenever a State Senatorial election occurs, the term of any Senator not elected by the people ends, whether elected by the legislature or appointed.

The members of the House of Representatives are elected in districts made by the State, the appointment of members being done by the Commonwealth. As a rule, if the State neglects to make districts, its representatives are elected like the Senators at large, although the constitution permits the Commonwealth to district a State if it sees fit. The members of the House of Representatives are at present seventy-five, and are divided out according to population—New South Wales, 27; Victoria, 22; South Australia, 7; West Australia, 5; Tasmania, 5. The qualifications of a candidate for the House of Representatives are the same as those for a candidate for the Senate. Members of the House of Representatives cannot be elected for

a definite time. If the complete term of the house is reached, it will be for three years, at the end of which an election must occur, but the House, like the English or Canadian House of Commons, can be dissolved at any time, whenever the Governor General, or the Premier, or even the House itself, may believe that the majority of the people have lost confidence in the government. In case of a deadlock between the Senate and the House there is a provision that both houses, after a dissolution of the Lower House has been hal and a new election has occurred, **must meet in joint session,** and after a union or joint debate limited as to time by vote the majority of both houses will determine the fate of the measure which caused the deadlock.

This is a new experiment in government, the union of the federal idea with responsible government, never before attempted, as also the device of preventing deadlocks on government measures which, as in England, must become laws or a dissolution of the Lower House follows.

Australia has more English inhabitants in proportion to its population than any other dependency of Great Britain, more of English blood than are found, in proportion to population, than in the United States. The people are progressive, intelligent, fully, deeply wide-awake, and are, in fact, solving economic and political questions which Americans have not as yet essayed to touch.

WHY THE REV. JOHN PARISH DID NOT LEAVE THE MINISTRY

A Story by a Pacific Coast Pastor

The Rev. John Parish was pastor of the Congregational Church at Pleasanton. He was forty years old, had been in the ministry ten years, and this was his sixth church; and now he was looking for the seventh.

It seemed as though the Rev. John Parish had everything to make him a successful minister of the gospel.

To begin with, his wife was a lovely, sweet woman, whom everybody liked, and his two children were the nicest that had ever lived in the Congregational parsonage.

The Rev. John himself was a finely educated man, possessed of an attractive personality, blessed with good health, a man of sterling character, powerfully backed by the leading men in his denomination, and, apparently, in every way a greatly favored man who could hardly help succeeding, even if he tried to fail.

But the Rev. John did not try to fail, but with all his might labored for success. He worked hard in his study; plodded around making calls; took off his coat and worked on improvement about the church and parsonage; and when Sunday came he was in his pulpit, twice a day, pouring out his very life for his people, preaching such sermons as only a diligent student and a good man could preach.

And yet, just when he thought he had attained to success, in a modest way, some member of the church would bob up with the suggestion that it was "time there was a change made in the pastorate," and another, and another, and another, and another would catch the fever, and the Rev. John Parish was down and out.

And now for the sixth time, with a good deal of bitterness in his heart, he was packing up his books and waiting with his ear to the ground to catch the "unanimous and enthusiastic call" of another church. He was beginning to think that maybe after all he had missed his calling. Perhaps the ministry had no permanent place for him and he had better go into something else. But he loved the work. He never was so happy as when he was preaching Christ's gospel to men and women. He loved to minister to men in their sore need. Could he ever be happy doing anything else? Why could he not succeed in holding a church permanently? What was the matter? It was useless to claim the trouble was with others. That was but confessing that he could not get along wih his own people. The trouble must be in himself, and whatever it was, would still be there if he went into the real estate, or insurance, or any other business. Like a wise man, the Rev. John talked the matter over with his wife, and it was she who called his attention to the very significant fact that in every one of the six churches he had served as pastor, it was the two or three members who had, at first, been the most extravagant in their praise and commendation and the most generous in their offers of help, who had later made the first movement to gently work him out. This was surely a discovery, and the Rev. John began to do some hard thinking along the line of the "personal equation," and he began to more than suspect that his failure was due to the fact that he had depended too much on the favor of the easily won, which had proved so fleeting and unstable, and that he had failed to win the favor of the cold and passive, who, after all, might be the men and women who would, in the last analysis, be the most dependable and best worth while.

And now the Rev. John Parish felt he had gotten the idea, which, if correctly thought out and skillfully worked, would land him out of the "near successful" into the "successful" class in the ministry, where he could do acceptable, efficient and lasting work in building up the Kingdom of God among men. First he made up his mind that it was useless and idle to worry and wear himself out about the faults and failings of others. But there was one man, and only one, whom he could absolutely control, and that man was the Rev. John Parish. He could cultivate sincerity, sympathy and self-control in his attitude and spirit and dealings with men; especially with the cold, passive, hard and self-centered. He would be tactful, sweet and genuine. He would resolutely withstand the temptation to be a scalper. He would relentlessly turn out of his heart all grudges against the mean and unlovely of character. And, above all, he would be a heavy investor in human favor, the biggest dividend payer in this big world.

With these ideas, the Rev. John Parish determined he would commence his seventh pastorate, and when a call came from the Congregational Church of Palmdale he accepted, and lost no time getting to work. The usual number of compliments came pouring in from the pleasant, easy-going members of the church, which the Rev. John received graciously and acknowledged, and then as quickly as possible forgot. Then, systematically and industriously, he went to work hunting up the shy and reserved and retiring members and warming them up and drawing them out, and soon these began to pay rich dividends in confidence and understanding and approbation.

But there was one dry old stick, Deacon Wood, a banker,

whom the minister seemed to make no headway with. Not that he gave any sign of opposition, but he was cold and unresponsive as an iceberg.

One Sunday morning the Rev. John was to preach on the "Atonement." While he was at his work preparing his sermon he thought of the old deacon and wondered if the new views he intended presenting would offend Brother Wood. He felt that the Heavenly Father had given him this message and that was reason enough why he should deliver it. But there was a fine opportunity here to be sweet and gentle.

His call was not simply to prove that two and two were four, but to get into vital sympathy with every one of his hearers, including Deacon Wood.

And so on Sunday morning the Rev. John preached his sermon, and somehow the kindly, gracious, winsome spirit of the Lord Christ got into his voice, because it was in his heart, and men and women felt themselves drawn by the Gospel message of God's love, not as a result of the fine logic of the sermon, but because the preacher was getting very near to the great heart of Jesus Christ.

After the service he saw the Deacon coming toward him with a new look upon his face. He grasped the pastor's hand, and with deep feeling said: "Thank you for your noble and helpful sermon," and the Rev. John had his reward, for the last of the cold ones was now warmed and won over.

Ten years have passed, and the Rev. John Parrish is still in Palmdale, and it will go hard with the man who is rash enough to suggest "time we had a change." Many calls to larger churches have been turned down, and now the Rev. John feels that he owes the six other churches he served a large debt of gratitude for the valuable years of apprenticeship they gave him the opportunity of serving. He is still a heavy investor in human favors and big dividends in good understanding and approbation and love are always coming in. Whenever he meets a man so mean that everybody condemns him, he remembers that the man's dog likes him and endeavors to get the dog's view point. Over his desk hangs a little card, with the words in plain type:—

Be an Investor in
Human Favors
and
Draw Big Dividends.

And now the Rev. John Parish is a successful minister of the gospel, not simply because he is a fine preacher, a man of sterling character, and an attractive personality—he is all these because he has been willing to pay the price—but he has won success mainly because he has, like his Master, "advanced . . . in favor with . . . men," and **the reason he has not left the ministry is because he has, by the grace of God, won success in it.**

Of all aviators, Count Zeppelin has been so far the most practical. In nine hours, his machine carrying twenty passengers flew recently through the air as a bird of passage, 300 miles.

RESULTS OF DIRECT LEGISLATION IN OREGON

The results that the people have achieved through the Iniative and Referendum since Direct Legislation became a law in Oregon, have long been summarized by Mr. W. S. U'Ren as follows:

"1. They have made a direct primary nominating elections law that is much more satisfactory in its results than was the old convention plan.

"2. They have adopted practical methods of selecting their United States Senators, securing election by the legislature of the candidates selected by the people, thereby abolishing the greatest single source of corruption, waste and confusion in the legislature.

"3. They have destroyed the political machine and the job of the party bosses.

"4. They have abolished railroad passes within the state for public officers as well as for private individuals.

"5. They have stopped the grafters' sale of franchises in Portland and other cities.

"6. They have deprived the legislature of power to call a constitutional convention without the people's approval on referendum vote.

"7. They have given cities home rule in charter making.

"8. They have taught the legislature to respect the constitutional provision against putting special appropriations in the general appropriation bill.

"9. They have added the recall to the constitution, giving the people power to discharge state and local officers who prove to be incompetent or untrustworthy.

"10. They have removed the constitutional restrictions preventing proportional representation and the election by a majority instead of a plurality vote.

"11. They have passed laws rejected by the legislature for taxing certain corporations.

"12. They have rejected some unpopular appropriations made by the legislature.

"13. They have made a stringent law against the excessive use of money in elections; a law which is designed, so far as money is concerned, to put a poor man on an equal footing with a rich man in seeking public office. It limits candidates to an expense hardly exceeding one-fourth of a year's salary in the office sought, and the state bears a large part of the outlay in the distribution of literature for parties and candidates.

"14. They have made a start toward protecting and preserving salmon and sturgeon in the Columbia river and its tributaries.

"15. They are developing a sense of individual responsibility for the success of self-government in Oregon, such as most men never felt when the legislature had the exclusive right to make laws and propose constitutional amendments.

"16. In addition to the above list of results, other measures have been secured and the people have rejected eleven measures, some proposed by Initiative petition and some proposed by the legislature."

JOAQUIN MILLER'S CHIROGRAPHY

Joaquin Miller, the "Poet of the Sierras," according to reports, writes a hand which vies for illegibility with the famous chirography of Horace Greeley. The secretary of a San Francisco club had experience with reference thereto which the San Francisco Call chronicles as follows:

"It seems that the club desired to have the poet address the organization at an annual affair at which an elaborate program had been prepared. The secretary adressed a letter to Joaquin, telling him of the purpose of the jinks, and requesting his co-operation. He was scheduled for a recitation.

"In due time there came an answer from the poet. It was in his own hand and covered four pages. In vain the secretary pored over the manuscript. He turned it over to the president, the board of directors, and the members in turn, but all failed to decipher the scrawls. The question before the club was: 'Has Miller accepted or has he declined?' "

The secretary finally took the matter into his own hands, and addressed the following note to Miller:

"My Dear Mr. Miller: Your letter received, but I have been unable to determine whether you have accepted or declined our invitation. If you will be present on the day mentioned, will you kindly make a cross on the bottom of this letter? If it will be impossible for you to appear, will you kindly draw a circle?"

In due time the letter came back, but the secretary could not decide whether it was a cross or a circle.

DEAD FLIES IN THE PRECIOUS OINTMENT

Ecclesiastes 10: 1.

The wise man in this proverb has not only given a warning to those who move in high stations, but the happiness of the whole world would be greatly increased if all, whatever their place, would give heed to it. We know that Solomon was a notable example of the truth that it is easier to preach than to practice; yet, if because of this fact we neglect to heed his sayings, which are so often like "apples of gold in pictures of silver," we shall miss the peace and length of days which the keeping of them would add to our lives.

By this proverb of the "Dead Flies in the Precious Ointment," we are reminded of a truth which all of us have had to face and which has troubled many of our hearts. We never shut our eyes to it, but we cannot; this fact that often our best gifts are marred by what we call little things.

Alas for the frailty of human nature. It seems as though its most precious things cannot escape the taint of evil. The hand trembles and spills a little of the full cup which we offer to our loved ones—a word, a tone of voice mar the precious gift for which the treasure of our life has been poured out. How sad that this should too often be true. Would that the vision of the poet might always be fulfilled when he sings—

"Love took up the harp of life,
Smote on all its chords with might;
Struck the chord of self that, trembling,
Passed in music out of sight."

As we offer to our loved ones and friends that which represents our patient toil, our self sacrifice, the priceless treasure of our love, we ourselves do what no one else could do, mix with the gift some base alloy. This is the truth which the wise man brings to our notice when he says: "The dead flies cause the precious ointment to send forth an evil odor.

The great historian Macauley says of Dr. Johnson that so long and bitter had been his struggle with neglect and poverty, that when he came to mingle with his fellow-men he could not sympathize with them unless they were in deepest sorrow or extreme need. "For the suffering which a harsh word inflicts upon a delicate mind he had no pity, for it was a kind of suffering which he could scarcely conceive."

But we, whose hearts are so made that we daily yearn for the sympathy which is expressed by acts of kindness and deeds of love, ought to be careful of the little things we do and say; yet how many fail here—not because they are without true love, but they have grown thoughtless and careless, and so allow their precious gift of love to be marred by little things.

The mother who would sit by the bedside of her sick child day and night, forgetting herself in her loving care, may speak of that dear one when well in tones of voice, with sharp words that tend to blight in some measure its tender love. The father who bears cheerfully the burden of daily toil, because of his love for his dear ones, may lose much of his reward because he himself in little things fails to show the depth of love in his heart. Let those who would make their homes every day the dearest spot on earth, shun the little things that fall like shadows upon the lives of friends and loved ones.

As a loving imagination can clothe with the beauty of a long past youth the dear one who walks by our side, so little acts of kindness and oft-spoken words of love can give daily joy to each heart in the home circle. Have not words and tones of voice heard sometimes in a home led us to ask: can the spirit of love bring pain? reminded us of the calm, forceful words of the Apostle: "Doth a fountain send forth from the same opening sweet water and bitter?" These things ought not so to be.

While, then, we should watch with jealous care our deeds and words, lest we taint the precious ointment of our friendship and love, let us avoid, as we receive from our loved ones their gifts, any fixing of our thoughts upon the flaws we might find in them.

Let us form the habit of looking at the bright and precious things and letting the unlovely ones be lost sight of through neglect.

Think of a frail human heart bringing to us the golden sheaf of toil and love, and we receiving it only to search for some little thing that mars its beauty. Rather let any blemish that we may see only make us more earnest in endeavor to make our own gift of love more nearly perfect.

L. M. F.

TEACHING PATRIOTISM IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

By Mrs. Lucia Ames Mead.

A child's paper, some time since, presented a picture of an old man showing a boy a gun, beneath which were written the words, "Teaching Patriotism." Despite the fact that during nine-tenths of our history we have made no use of guns in national defense, and yet were patriots all the time, the pernicious notion generally prevails that patriotism is somehow necessarily connected with the idea of killing.

The fact is that patriotism in the minds of probably a majority is perhaps more misunderstood than any other word, unless it be the word religion. Both have been confounded with pride and prejudice; bragging and bunting and relic hunting have been often accepted as manifestations of genuine patriotism, with which they have no more to do than steeples and pulpit cushions and La Farge windows have to do with visiting the fatherless and widows in their affliction and keeping unspotted from the world. Pure religion and undefiled can only be tested by service, service that involves sacrifice. Pure patriotism can only be evidenced by service, a service that costs some effort and is performed every month of every year.

The elements of patriotism, which are gratitude, unselfishness and responsibility, may be taught in the nursery before the child is able to comprehend any larger unit than the family to which he owes allegiance. Gradually, as through stories and pictures his horizon enlarges and he sees the family but a unit in the larger one of the town, and it dawns upon him that the town itself is but one among many other towns, all comprehended under the still larger unit of country, he may be taught in many ways his degree of relationship to and his allegiance to each. Long before the study of civil government is begun or that of history and geography has made much progress, the sense of devotion and service to country may be powerfully impressed upon a thoughtful child.

Gratitude and a sense of dependence must underlie all teaching of patriotism that does not lead to pride and partisanship. Even a small child can be interested to see that the breakfast roll and the knife and the spoon that he uses, and every utensil and article in the home, have come from the invention and toil of thousands unknown to him. Little by little, the sense of infinite obligation should be developed and the great debt to the past and to every land should sink into the sub-consciousness of every child long before he sees many of its implications.

This large world conception, this sense of relationship to humanity, may easily accompany the development of the sense of special obligation to one's own country. Especially fortunate is a child who attends a public school and who finds the Italian or Irish schoolmate as quickwitted as himself. His daily experience will aid him to realize that God hath made of one blood all people upon earth, and that he is first of all a human being and secondly an American. This sense of our primary allegiance to the world, the largest unit, has been so slow of growth among the elders that it has been thought it impossible to teach it to children. The natural child is a democrat, and makes no false distinctions as to caste or social status until society teaches him them. He can be led to see he must love and serve America, not because it is the best country, though it may be that, but because he can do his tiny part in paying the great world of humanity, to which he owes everything, only by helping to make that section which is nearest him the best possible part of the world and at least pass on what he has received.

This sense of obligation and responsibility will not result so much from didactic methods as from those that are more indirect. A child who is taught not to make unnecessary trouble, to pick up his toys, to refrain from marking his neighbor's fence with chalk, to see consequences of his action and to think of others, is learning the first lessons in patriotism. These are of infinitely more consequence than lessons on the flag or on the state seals or on the difference between battleships and cruisers, about which many a little fellow is encouraged to inform himself by would-be patriots.

Not only will the patriotic father and mother recount the deeds of martial heroes, like Grant and Sheridan, but of the constructive heroes of peace, the Booker Washingtons, Jacob Riises, the Beechers and Garrisons, as well. They will teach him that the man who, like Col. Waring, saved fifteen thousand lives by cleansing New York, is no less a hero than the man who killed as many of the enemy; that Mr. Folk in St. Louis, fighting corruption, Andrew D. White at the Hague, or the man who drains New Jersey swamps or irrigates Western deserts and makes homes for millions, may serve his country far more effectively than many a general who has devasted and laid waste the enemy's domains.

Not only is there need of this positive, constructive talk in the schools and around the fireside, but in the nursery stage there should be a careful watch upon toys and games. Tin soldiers, little swords and guns will not, to be sure, create a lust for gore and carnage, but they do turn the ghastly, terrible business of war into play and spread a glammour over it. The child who grows up accustowed to think of killing as normal or necessary business of the world, a business which is associated to his mind with gay uniforms, processions and music, with honors and medals and glory, will have little true conception of its hideous reality. He may indeed be called to the solemn duty in battle of killing some human being as innocent probably as himself of the cause of their international strife, but let there be no illusion bred of childish memories about this dreadful business. As well give a boy a little scaffold and toy coffin, and let him play at hanging as to give him a toy cannon or a sword and not expect him to make light of killing.

The proposition to turn our school boys into marksmen and to develop patriotism by boys' brigades and military trappings is becoming popular. The natural instinct of the boy for the spectacular and stirring is aroused. His patriotism is appealed to by specious pleas or the development of martial spirit, while no such forceful appeal is made for that steady, good citizenship which can be the only possible manifestation of patriotism during the whole lives of most men and women. Not until the home and school teach that the ballot far more than the bullet is the patriot's power to serve his country, not until we honor civic heroes as much as military heroes, can we expect a nation of men

who understand true patriotism.

The teacher today has more power to shape the future of her country than the men at West Point and Annapolis who are working on their military tactics and mathematics. Teachers may largely shape the ideals of our next generation. If they do not want "the army and navy forever" and if they believe that an international police will in some future time replace our present primitive and savage method of settling international differences by bringing recalcitrant nations to The Hague Court, they will not teach our children to sing such words.

THE NANKING EXPOSITION.

Whatever the people of the East may do in crossing the Atlantic to see the beauties of the Old World, the time has fully come when those living on the Pacific Coast should turn their faces not eastward but westward and visit Japan, China and the Philippines whenever they want to take a rest or vacation. It is possible that not so many ancient Gothic structures may be seen, and yet in point of interest the old-new world which is now being opened, the "Farthest East" will supply the tourist with as much to see and learn as he could find on the other side of the world, and Rev. Dr. Brown's example might well be followed by many who are now rushing hither and thither over the continent of Europe, and the cost would not be very much more.

Have you heard the unthinkable news? Who would have thought ten years ago when the old Empress Dowager had all legations and missionaries bottled up in Peking ready to destroy them, that ten years after that time China would have its first world's fair in the former southern capital of Nanking? No one would have dreamed it, much less thought it, but now it is an actual fact, and China, the hoary-headed, the people who call themselves the people in the center of the universe,who once shut the doors against all outsiders, have actually opened their doors and invited all the rest of the world to participate with them in comparing their different products. Had you suggested this state of things to that old grey-headed Nestor of missions, Rev. Dr. Martin, who has been in Peking, China, for the last 50 years and who ten years ago even advised the division of China and recommended that America should take the Island of Haina for her portion, what would this Christian sage have said? "Impossible;" but it is even so and China is at last taking her place among the nations of the world. The exposition will not be the greatest in the history of the world, but it will be the greatest in the results achieved throughout the Empire of China. Nanking occupies a beautiful position and is within easy reach of Shang hai, the great emporium of the East. The city itself is enclosed with a wall of some 25 miles. Inside of this and towards the center of the city is a space allotted for the exposition of some 400 yards long and 500 yards wide. The whole has been beautifully laid out. At the very entrance stands the Chinese archway so characteristic of all Chinese cities. Then follow the buildings, most of which, however, are only one-story high. Broad avenues lead the visitors here and there; the best in Chinese and foreign scenic effect seem to have been brought into requisition. Educational and art buildings, administration building, buildings devoted to Agriculture, Foreign Exhibits, Machinery, Transportation, Fisheries, Industrial Arts, etc. all find a place beside some fifteen pavilions created by fifteen of the provinces. But there is another building called the Assembly Hall, from which much is expected by the missionaries in China, and that is the Assembly Hall, where lectures will be given by foreigners and Chinese on the current topics of the day. Besides this Assembly Hall, a large Provincial Assembly Hall, costing $80,000, for educational meetings and lectures has been erected just outside of the Fair enclosure. Now to the keen observer these two halls are the places where China is to receive her greatest good. It is true that foreign products as compared with their own will be an eye-opener to the conservative Chinese, but the Chinese have a way of passing that over very lightly by saying, "Oh, you foreigners need these things, but ours are good enough for us." But imagine the truths taught by the progressive Chinese and foreigners in the two assembly halls from June 1st to December 1st. For six months the lectures will be given and many new ideas of religion as well as education will be inculcated. Christianity will be discussed and missions will not be relegated to the background. A committee of missionaries has charge of the medical, philanthropic and educational work, besides the superintendence of the foreign restaurants. The Bible and Christian literature will be distributed and visitors visiting the Exposition may see a little of missionaries and their work, though they sometimes fail in seeing anything when they are in Hongkong or Canton.

Some fifty business men from the Pacific Coast have decided to visit the Exposition, leaving on the S. S. "Korea" on the 23rd of August. This will be another great advantage to the Chinese as well as to the Pacific Coast itself. China has not always understood foreigners and we of the Pacific Coast have not always regarded the Chinese with that respect which they deserve to receive from us. If a more friendly relation is established between our Coast and China, incalculable good will be done. China will, however, receive her greatest good in this commercial intercourse, yea, in this sitting down and comparing notes with the once hated foreigners on all topics imaginable—religious, industrial, educational, etc. And Americans will do well when they come home from the Exposition to stop calling the American Chinese "coolies," as was done by some of the speakers in the Laymen's Movement. New England farmers may be tillers of the soil, but they are not coolies, and that is what most of the Chinese now in America were before they made bold to cross the Pacific.

The Christian philanthropist ought to pray for this exposition, that Christian truth and Christian missions may receive a mighty impulse throughout the whole Empire. God's kingdom has not yet come in China, but it is coming if we of the home and more favored lands support the 4,000 odd missionaries now in China, who are now seeking to bring in the kingdom along educational, industrial, evangelical and philanthropic lines. To the unbeliever in missions we advise a trip to Nanking, the capital of the Ning dynasty, to see what missions have done, and to ascertain how much more needs to be done. If Robert Morrison could see it he would with Simeon of old say, "Now lettest thou thy servant depart," for his eyes would have seen what he never expected to see. China is indeed trying to rise

and we that are stronger ought to help her rise, not with cigarettes, bad whisky and other vices, but with the best we have in religion, education and science of every kind.

Redlands, Cal. C. R. Hager.

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

San Francisco.—The Chinese Congregational Church has called one of its members, Mr. Chin Toy, to be its pastor for one year, during which time inquiry is to be made with reference to securing a thoroughly trained and ordained minister from China. Mr. Chin Toy is one of the earliest converts in this mission; is quite well educated in Chinese; was for several years a missionary helper in San Diego, Fresno, and Sacramento, in each of which places those who were associated with him remember him with respect and affection. He has been a faithful, thoroughly consecrated, unselfish worker among us for thirty years or more, has a strong hold upon gospel truth, and is able to preach it with power. It may prove that he is himself the one to be ordained and to become the permanent pastor.

San Francisco, Sunset.—Dr. W. C. Pond writes: Seldom have I spent a Sabbath evening more pleasantly than when on the third inst., I was with our surburban Sunset Church The Christian Endeavor meeting was larger than those which I have seen in several prominent churches, and was full of life. The subject—something about the Y. P. S. C. E. and civic righteousness seemed to me to be about as hard to handle in a prayer meeting as any that I could conceive, but the young people were ready and "no awful pauses" were allowed. Four sailor boys came there three miles or more and added interest both to that meeting and to the service following, to which I am glad to say the Endeavorers with one consent remained. At this preaching service, though I had heard of one and another and another of the church's workers being off for vacation, the body pews were filled and the congregation listened with eyes as well as ears, in a way which makes it a luxury to preach. Let this "little one become a thousand."

W. C. P.

OREGON NOTES

A pleasant recognition service was held at Park Place recently. Rev. J. L. Jones, who has been called to serve the Park Place Congregational Church, and his wife, were in this manner welcomed to their new work. A good congregation gathered for the occasion.

Rev. E. S. Bollinger presided at the meeting. Addresses were made by Mr. Bollinger, Dr. Paddock of Hassalo Street Church, Portland, Mrs. Bollinger, Dr. Kantner of University Park Church, and by the new pastor and his wife. Mr. Jones is a good worker and he will be heard from at Park Place. The church is full of hope.

University Park Church, on Sunday, July 3d, observed its first communion under its new pastor. Dr. Kantner, recently of Seattle. It was a service full of joy and encouragement. Twelve persons were received into the fellowship of this church. It is thought that the membership can be doubled by the first of January, as there are a number more ready to unite at the next Communion.

REV. CHARLES R. BROWN RETURNS FROM JAPAN

Rev. Charles R. Brown and Mrs. Brown returned from their vacation trip to Japan Thursday of last week. The following Sunday a crowded church, both morning and evening, greeted the distinguished and popular pastor. In the evening Dr. Brown told graphically and entertainingly of his personal experiences and sights and scenes of the trip. From the moment he stepped on board the Japanese ship Chiyo Maru he declared he felt himself in Japan, in a land of the East, which is farther removed from the West than the North Pole from the South Pole. The Orient is another world, he stated, where in a thousand ways they seem to have turned the habits of life end for end. Notwithstanding this disparity of manners and feelings and attitude toward life, he felt a strange sense of kinship as he witnessed a burial in mid-ocean of the body of a Japanese who had died in the steerage. "It was in the early morning; a Buddhist priest was reading the prayers and chanting the burial service at an improvised altar with the symbols of the Buddhist faith, while a hundred or more Japanese were standing reverently to witness the service. It was an alien race, an alien faith, and an alien tongue but here were these men of like needs and yearnings as ourselves, face to face with the same eternal mystery of death. Here they were seeking in their way to make their adjustment with that Unseen One who is the source of all comfort. The human heart is one and God is One however men may spell his name."

"The Oriental Peace Society," of Japan, tendered Dr. Brown a reception at Kyoto. The mayor of the city was asked to preside and Baron Kikuchi, president of the Imperial University, made the principal address to which the visitor was invited to respond. To questions asked everywhere of foreigners resident in Japan and of the Japanese themselves, Dr. Brown said, "The uniform reply was to the effect that Japan has not the slightest desire to get into any trouble with the United States. From editors of large daily papers and from men in business, from men in official life and from educators, the answer was the same. They have quite enough to do in carrying the huge war debt consequent upon the wars with China and Russia. They are not arming against the nation where they must secure both trade and money in order to live."

The community about the bay heartily welcomes Dr. Brown back to his work and place.

JOTTING

Rev. Jee Gam

Last Wednesday, July 6th, this leader in our little Chinese Christian host bade us farewell and sailed for his native land. His eldest son (except an adopted one whom he has never ceased to love and care for, but who does not walk in the ways of his father) has preceeded him and the rest of his family except one son who remains to complete his professional training, accompany him. About six months ago he was stricken with apoplectic paralysis. He rallied however, quite rapidly, so that we had hope for his recovery. But a relapse occurred and hope died. Yet again he seemed to improve, and with his Chinese brethren and with himself the wish was father to the thought that recovery might still be possible.

Then it was that his second son,—Luther McLean—re-

ceived a call to a professorship in The Transhan Engineering and Mining College, a government institution in North China, in which he would be associated with his older brother already there. He could not think of leaving his father, nor could the father consent that he should decline an offer fraught with such rich promise both of personal preferment and Christian usefulness. While still in health Jee Gam had looked forward to a return to his native land within two years and this would anticipate the date he had in mind, by less than a year.

I myself had favored his return. I had pictured to myself a signal advance in the missionary work of our brethren in China if Jee Gam could be on the field, but my vision, with him in it, is evidently not to be fulfilled. God will raise up another who will labor with even greater vigor and wisdom and zeal, for the work will grow and grow: of this I am assured.

I am sure that a sketch of the career of this honored and beloved brother, will be welcomed by the readers of The Pacific. I can write with absolute freedom, just as I might if he were already in that land which in his new birth became his native land, because it is as certain as anything earthly can be, that he will be there before these lines can be carried across the sea.

I begin with an incident in his childhood which came to me from his own lips and which seems to me suggestive of hope for others born in the darkness of paganism, as well as instructive to children born in Christian homes.

He was sent to school, and had advanced along the dry and rugged path to learning which Chinese boys had then to tread, till he could read Confucius and understand the thoughts which some of the multitudinous characters stand for. Soon, of course, he came upon the precept which, as I suppose, the old sage most insists upon: "children should obey their parents." His heart responded to it immediately and he said, "That is right and I will do it." "When I had said that," he told me, " peace came to my heart just as it did when I was converted." Was he not converted? I venture to tell any child who will sincerely and earnestly say that, that he has turned his face towards the Lord and towards the light, and God will not let go of him. God did not let go of Jee Gam. Divine leadership is apparent in all his career. Soon after this turning to the right, some neighbors came back to their village from "the land of the golden mountain" as California was then called in those districts of China, and when our boy heard their story of what they had seen and done and gotten there, his boyish heart beat fast, longing to go there. He asked permission of his father, and in reply was told to ask his mother. He did so, but received an emphatic denial. Not long after this his father concluded that he had attended school long enough, and proposed to take him to Hong Kong and apprentice him to a shoemaker. Accordingly they boarded a junk but waited long and in vain for the awkward thing to start. If she had started, this story probably could never have been told. But God had other thoughts for him than those of the earthly father. When at length patience was exhausted and the captain was appealed to, he replied, "There are pirates at the mouth of the river; I cannot start till they are gone." And so the pair, father and son, trudged home again and the shoemaker plan was abandoned. Soon after, an uncle of Jee Gam returned from California but only for a brief visit. The child plied his mother with entreaties: "Can't I go if my uncle will take me?" till at last she said, "Yes you may go, if your uncle will take you."

An thus it came to pass that he was landed in San Francisco, a wee child, to make his own way in a strange land. As God would have it, he was taken into a Christian family in which boys of about his own age took pleasure in showing him pictures and teaching him English. Among these pictures was one which represented Jesus raising from the dead the daughter of Jairus. He had already acquired enough English to understand the explanation of it given by the boys, and he could not forget it. However, eager, I suppose, for larger wages, he left this family and went to work in a factory of some sort in Oakland. Here he was tempted in various ways and was in danger of forgetting his motto; 'That is right and I will do it." But God did not forget him. One Sunday he was crossing Broadway going towards Chinatown when he saw a Chinese going up the street with a book in his hand. "Where are you going?" he asked. "To a Chinese Sunday School" was the reply. "That's where I want to go" was Jee Gam's quick response and so he went along. When Mr. Sanford the Superintendent came to him, he immediately asked for the book that told how some one raised a little girl from the dead. Mr. Sanford soon brough him a New Testament, opened at the place, but he turned from it disappointed: it had not the picture. But something about the boy attracted the Superintendent, and having heard that Mrs. Mooar, the pastor's wife wished to employ a China boy, he brought him to her and he was engaged to come to her the next day. I cannot forget the enthusiasm with which Jee Gam told me the rest. "After breakfast, one of the daughters came out into the kitchen and said, "We have prayers after breakfast and we would like to have you come in with us." I was surprised at such an invitation, but I went in. On Saturday, Mrs. Mooar herself came to me and said," We all go to church on Sunday and we would like to have you go with us." "This surprised me far more, but I went and found myself seated in one of the best pews; Mrs. Mooar, her three daughter and a China-boy!" In such a family he quickly learned the story of Jesus and his love, and turning to Jesus with all his heart he united with the church, he and two other Chinese, the first of their countrymen to be admitted to a Congregational church on the continent of America.

About forty years ago when I was pastor of the Third Congregational Church in San Francisco, we had a large and exceedingly interesting Chinese Sunday School. Our Church was about midway between a quite large woolen mill on one side and a large shoe factory on the other, in each of which many Chinese were employed. It seemed to Rev. John Kimball, who was then superintending the work of the A. M. A. in California, that we ought to add a week-evening school and consulted me about it. I readily welcomed the idea and named a young lady who had recently joined our church as a suitable teacher, and he brought Jee Gam to me to be her interperter and helper. And thus began a companionship in Christian service alway delightful to me. We have weathered some hard storms together. We have rejoiced in many favoring winds under whose impulsion the work has seemed to speed its way easily, rapidly to the goal of our hopes. To speak adequ-

ately of his career since then would require me to tell the whole history of the California Chinese Mission of the A. M. A. For he has been close to the center of it all.

In 1871 he went to China and was married to one to whom his father had betrothed him, perhaps in infancy. Having fulfilled this filial duty he returned to Califarnia, and unless my memory is at fault he has not seen his native land since then. A son was born and died at his father's house and the mother was almost inconsolable. Consequently an infant boy was purchased to take the lost one's place. At length he wrote to his father asking that his wife be sent to him, but as she was useful in the paternal household, the father declined, advising him to procure another wife to live with him in California. He replied "a Christian cannot do that" and urged his request, to which after a while the father yielded and husband and wife were united and found a home in the little rented and crowded Mission house, 5 Brenham Place, which was for so many years headquarters of our work. Here nine children have been born to them, two of whom are in heaven. The wife was strongly settled in her adherence to the ancestral customs and possibly chafed under superstitious fears for a household which had no household gods. But he did not pray for her in vain. His Christian life told upon her and she became a Christian. She has been to him a wife after the original idea conceived in Paradise, "a help-meet for him." It became a matter of interest to me, when some question arose as to the management of affairs in our greatly enlarged quarters at 21 Brenham Place, to hear our brother tell what Mrs. Jee Gam's judgment was about it, and her judgment was often the final one for us as well as for him. For years she has been a mother in our Israel, and never more evidently so than of late, up to the time of her departure from us.

In 1895, at the earnest request of our brethren, Jee Gam was ordained and recognized as pastor of the Chinese brethren connected with Bethany Church, and he has stood in that relation ever since except during the two years following our great catastrophe, when our Mission House lay in ruins and the church itself was scattered and homeless.

In 1899 being in the East gathering funds to reduce the debt on our Mission House, he attended the great International Council of Congregational Churches in Boston and was formally recognized as a representative of China. There as everywhere retaining his modesty, often painfully conscious of deficiencies through lack of training, never puffed up by attentions shown him; he was always energetic, industrious, zealous and prayerful. He has finished his course and there is laid up for him a crown of rejoicing which the Lord the righteous Judge will give him at no very distant day.

W. C. P.

A FAITHFUUL WORKER GONE

Rev. Mrs. Alice M. Robinson, a member of the Los Angeles Association, after a two year's illness passed away on June the 26th at her home in Los Angeles. As colleague of her husband, the Rev. William H. Robinson, her work of preaching began in Granger, Ohio, in 1886 and in 1896 she was ordained by a council called by the Congregational church of Palermo, Calif.

During the pastorate of her husband at Rosedale, in Kern county, Mrs. Robinson began in 1900, a three year's engagement as pastor with the church at Panama, twelve miles distant. Often on a Sunday morning, as Mr. Robinson was at a distant appointment she preached in his stead; then taking little Ruth with her in the carriage and eating lunch on the way, Panama was reached in time for her to review the lesson with the Sunday school, preaching services followed and immediately on dismission the Christian Endeavor Society convened under the motherly guidance of the minister.

The next two days might be devoted to pastoral work home being reached by mid-week and its duties performed until the next Sunday's routine called her forth. That such a program could be maintained for a number of years indicates the spirit of devotion and the indomitable perseverance that sustained the soul of Mrs. Robinson.

Her labors for the temperance reform were abundant and effective. As a speaker on this subject she was in demand and the W. C. T. U. of Southern California held her in mind as a coming president.

The funeral exercises were conducted by Rev. John L. Maile, who as Superintendent of home missions had been the counselor of Mrs. Robinson for eleven years; assisted by Rev. D. D. Hill, her pastor, and Rev J. H. Mallows.

Los Angeles, June 29th, 1910.

THE HOME

AN UNEXPECTED REFORMATION

Both Mother and Daughter Gain by the Change

"Tell your mother to come for a drive, Emily!" called Mrs. Richards from her low phaeton. "I am going down to Silver Lake."

The young girl in the hammock roused herself and closed her book, but before she could answer a head was thrust out of an upstairs window, and Mrs. Eldon said in a querulous tone, "Mamma, I don't see how I am to leave my sewing this afternoon. I must finish this waist and there are dozens of other things waiting for me. Take Emily down to the church, won't you, I promised them a cake and some help and she will have to go in my place."

"I said I wanted you," said the elderly lady, calmly. "Put on a light wrap and come on. The air is slightly chilly driving. We can deliver the cake first or come back for it.'

Mrs. Eldon parleyed a little longer and then drew in her head hastily to get ready.

She did not like to disappoint her mother, who was in town for only a few months visiting among her children, but she decidedly objected to leaving the sewing. She drew on a dingy looking raincoat and gave a few pats to her hair, before donning a hat that looked as if it had seen better days, and then she ran down with the air of a woman who wants to have the task disposed of as soon as possible and get back to her work.

"I—I didn't have time to change my dress," she ex

plained, as the folds of the raincoat fell apart, exposing a shabby skirt.

"We can stop when we come back for the cake," said Mrs. Richards. "Why are you so busy sewing? Are you making the new waist Aunt Helen sent you?"

"No. I haven't begun that yet. In fact, I am thinking of making it up for Emily. The child needs it worse than I do, for I go out so seldom. You have no idea, mamma, how many things young girls need nowadays," she added quickly, as she saw the look of disapproval on her mother's face. "I hardly ever have time to sew for myself, and I buy all the boy's things."

It was an afternoon late in autumn, and even Mrs. Eldon allowed herself the luxury of enjoying the fine day. The air was almost as mild as a May day, and the tints in field, sky and forest were so exquisite, that even the most sordid soul must have felt their influence. Mrs. Eldon leaned back among the cushions, and really enjoyed the rare treat as they drove past the shining lake and through the deep woods.

It was late when they finally turned their horse toward home, and with the turning the practical part of Mrs. Eldon came to the surface with a bounnd.

"Would you mind driving up a little, mamma?" she said. "Emily has probably forgotten to take that cake to the church, and I will have to tell her. I don't know what I would do without the child to help me out. She is miles above the common run of giggling girls in this town, and can be depended upon for all occasions. I always feel safe when Emily is looking after things."

"Then you will not have to worry this evening," said her mother serenely. "Emily has probably prepared supper and looked after the necessary work. I told her while you were dressing that we would drive to the church with the cake, so she will not worry. The day is so beautiful that I don't like to hurry, for winter will soon set in and shut me in the house."

"Is supper ready, Emily?' called Mrs. Richards before Mrs. Eldon was out of the buggy. "I told your mother not to worry, but she seems to think you can not manage. Run in, Margaret, and change your dress quickly. The people will soon be going to church."

There was nothing to be done but obey, and Emily reluctantly listened to her mother's hurried directions. "I don't know why grandma is so determined for me to go to the church," she said in a low tone, "but I'll just have to do it. Get some bread and butter for the boys and anything else you can find in the pantry. I'll be at home as soon as possible.'

"I suppose I'll have to stay with the boys till you get here," said Emily. "Papa was called out of town at three o'clock and won't be at home till midnight.

"Yes, I suppose so," said her mother anxiously. "Emily, you might put on an iron and press those folds in the skirts while you're getting tea ready. Being away all afternoon will put me back with your suit."

When they arrived at the church, Mrs. Richards sent the buggy away and proceeded to have a good time with her daughter and the friends she had made during other visits.

Mrs. Eldon's cheeks glowed as everywhere she went people exclaimed over the fact that she was there, and the glow deepened as she realized how shabby her dress was beside the crisp white linens of the other workers. The weather being mild had induced the waiters to appear in white, but Mrs. Eldon wore a forlorn skirt and mussy silk waist. She would gladly have washed dishes in the kitchen, but the lady in charge would allow no such thing, and put her to wait on the most conspicuous table in the room. It was nine o'clock when her mother finally consented to go home, and there they found a very cross looking young lady waiting for them in a dainty white dress.

"A special delivery letter came for you, mamma, shortly after you left," said Emily, "and I expected you home every minute, or I would have sent the boy to the church. It is from Aunt Martha."

Mrs Eldon broke the seal with trembling fingers, but a look of relief spread over her face at once, "Margaret is to be married much sooner than they expected," she announced to her mother and daughter. "Charles must go to San Diego on business for his firm, and the wedding is to be the day after tomorrow. How I would like to go, but it is out of the question. Emily, you must explain to Aunt Martha that it was quite out of the question. Tell her mamma is here, and I am so behind with everything this fall. It is so lucky that you have your white serge perfectly new, and by hurrying I can finish your traveling frock."

"Why can't you go?" asked Mrs. Richards.

"I haven't a single thing to wear, mamma," she said, avoiding the clear eyes fixed upon her. "Not a single thing."

"Emily's suit will do for you to travel in, and you can easily find a pretty dress for the wedding. I intended to give you fifty dollars for your Christmas gift, but will hurry the season a little and you can get the dress while changing cars in the city. Emily and I can keep house very well, can't we, Emily? Your mother has been telling me what a wonderful manager you are, and now I can see for myself."

When Mr. Eldon came home he heartily seconded his mother-in-law's plans, and the result was that a very unwilling woman set out for the wedding, leaving a very unwilling girl behind.

Emily had represented her mother so often she felt aggrieved when compelled to stay at home, but Mrs. Richaggrieved when compelled to stay at home, but Mrs. Richards seemed not to notice any unpleasantness resulting from her little scheme. She put her arm through that of her sulky grand-daughter, and together they went back into the house to get rid of the disorder resulting from the hasty departure.

"I'll wash the dishes, Emily, and you may put your mother's room to rights," said crafty Mrs. Richards. "You know where she keeps her things, and I don't."

Emily slowly mounted the stairs, and began the task of putting things away, but she found it did not take her long. She picked up a very shabby house dress and some worn petticoats to take into her mother's closet and all at once she was struck by the emptiness of the little room. The window blind was raised to the top to let in all the light possible, and there in a limp row hung the best and

only garments belonging to the mistress of the house. Emily took up the limp folds of the blue serge that was to be her mother's best for the coming winter, and a few tears found their way down her cheeks. Then she went resolutely to her own room to count the dresses in her wardrobe, and some more tears came.

"Now, I'll have to lie down a little while,' said Mrs. Richards when Emily came slowly downstairs. "It is time to get the dinner, as the boys will soon be at home from school."

On account of Mr. Eldon and the two little school-boys of the family, the old-fashioned dinner was served in the middle of the day.

"I—I don't know how to cook, grandma," said Emily slowly. "Mamma never taught me."

"Never taught you?" said the old lady in astonishment. "Do you mean to say, child, that you can't get up a simple meal?"

"No, I cannot," said Emily. "Mamma always kept me at my music and school until I graduated, and after that she never said anything about teaching me to cook."

Mrs. Richrds said nothing, but she gave her grand-daughter many light tasks about the dinner that would enable her to watch everything that was going on. It was a very simple meal, but it gave the young lady some idea of the work necessary to keep the housework going, and to make her wonder how her mother had ever accomplished so much sewing and other work in connection with the cooking.

Mrs. Richards had only intended to remain a month in the town, or at most two months, but it was late in February when she took her departure.

One stormy afternoon as she sat sewing in Mrs. Eldon's sitting room, her daughter Ruth came in and looked her astonishment at seeing Emily in the kitchen beyond busy with some belated ironing.

Mrs. Eldon had just gone upstairs for her button box, and the astonished young woman lost no time in expressing her surprise.

"Upon my word!" she said in a low tone, "there's Emily actually working, mamma. What in the world has happened? You know I've been away from home six weeks, and was not aware of any reformation in the child. It makes me provoked the way she usurps her mother's place on all occasions, and the way Margaret tamely submits makes my blood boil. I don't like to see young girls push themselves forward so, but no amount of hinting ever disturbed Emily. I feel sorry for the girl, too, for all the young ladies in the town detest her for her grown-up ways and priggish airs. She is always dressed to kill, while Margaret is running in some forlorn tacky dress. I feel like shaking her!"

"Shaking whom?" inquired Mrs. Richards to hide the twinkle in her eye.

"Shaking the both of them!" said Mrs. Marshall savagely.

"Well, it's Margaret that needs all the shaking," said Mrs. Richards, placidly. "We re just talking about you, Margaret," she continued, as Mrs. Eldon came in. "I was saying to Ruth that you deserve all the blame for poor Emily's—"

"Yes I do," said Mrs. Eldon quickly. "What that poor child had to suffer through my foolishness is incredible. I cheated her out of her birthright of household knowledge and heaped upon her a lot of my duties when she was too young to bear the load. She has had no time to be young and happy, for she has been busy taking my place at church fairs and receiving callers and all sorts of things. I thought I was a monderful manager because I worked from morning till night in the kitchen and sewing room, and no doubt I did save some money, but I know better now. Emily shares the work with me and I am able to attend to my own social duties. Why, the poor child had to answer my letters and write my notes, and everything. She hardly knows how to behave with young folks of her own age Mother is right when she says I needed the reformation, and not Emily."

"And we've all been scolding about the poor child and disliking her when she hasn't been to blame at all," said Mrs. Marshall impulsively. "I'm going right out into the kitchen to tell her so.'

But when Emily heard the humble confession, she only laughed heartily and said: "Well, whoever needed the reformation, I am glad it is accomplished. I like things better this way than I ever did before, and I guess mamma does too. Maybe, we were both reformed."—Mrs. W. C. Kohler, in The New York Observer.

If every man would do the things the "other man" should do,—
Attack the hoodlum, catch the thief, and watch the rascal crew,
We'd have a perfect city, and a perfect country, too,
A sober land, an honest land, where men are good and true.
There'd be no more mis-government, nor graft, nor mobs to rue,
If every man would do the things the "other man" should do.

If we forgot the talents by the "other man" possessed,
And never thought to envy him the feathers of his nest,
And only thought to grasp from him this chance to do the best,
To dare the deed, and meet the need and stand the fiercer test,
We'd have a model country,— north, south, and east and west,
If we forgot the talents by the "other man" possessed

If every man would think himself to be the " other man,"
Become his own reformer on a self-respecting plan,
And calmly, boldly, set himself to do the thing he can,
Nor wait to find some other chap to push into the van,
The world's entire iniquity we'd put beneath the ban,
If every man would think himself to be the " other man."

—Amos R. Wells.

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